

MARY HARTMAN,  
MARY HARTMAN

EPISODE #42

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by

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Po

FINAL DRAFT  
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CAST OF CHARACTERS

MARY . . . . .	LOUISE LASSER
TOM . . . . .	GREG MULLAVEY
GEORGE . . . . .	PHIL BRUNS
MARTHA . . . . .	DODY GOODMAN
LORETTA . . . . .	MARY KAY PLACE
CHARLIE . . . . .	GRAHAM JARVIS
MIKE OLINSKI . . . . .	
JOE SWEENEY . . . . .	

SETS

ACT I  
(page 1)

MARY'S BEDROOM, MORNING  
LIMBO PHONE - MIKE OLINSKI  
(Mary, Tom, Mike Olinski)

ACT II  
(page 13)

HAGGERS' LIVING ROOM, SIMULTANEOUS  
(Charlie, Loretta)

ACT III  
(page 23)

MARY'S BEDROOM, IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING  
(Mary, Tom)

ACT IV  
(page 29)

SHUMWAY KITCHEN, LATE AFTERNOON  
(George, Martha, Joe Sweeney)

ACT ONEMARY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

MARY IS SITTING UP IN BED, DEEP IN  
THOUGHT. TOM IS LYING NEXT TO HER,  
SOUND ASLEEP. THE ALARM GOES OFF  
AND TOM SLOWLY WAKES UP.

TOM

(COUGHING, YAWNING, TURNS AND SEES HER)

What are you doing?

MARY

Just sitting here.

TOM

I know you're sitting there, but why?

I mean, why aren't you asleep?

MARY

The alarm went off.

TOM

Then why aren't you just waking up? You  
look like you've been sitting there all  
night.

MARY

Death is such a final thing, Tom. Did  
you ever think about that?

TOM

Mary, I'm just trying to wake up. I have trouble thinking about brushing my teeth at this hour.

MARY

I'm serious, Tom.

TOM

Is it Leroy's death?

MARY

That started it. Started me thinking about all kinds of things. Like applesauce.

TOM

Applesauce?

MARY

When my grandmother died, she took her recipe for applesauce with her; I never had her applesauce again. It was the end of an era.

TOM

Did she make great applesauce?

MARY

Not really, but as far as Mother and I could figure out, it was the only recipe of hers that was missing.

TOM

I guess you're right. Death does bring an end to things. But I don't see how anyone can prepare for it.

MARY

Well, you could be real careful with your recipe files. Or you can prearrange your funeral so that no one you love has to do it in the throes of traumatic grief.

TOM

"Throes of traumatic grief"? You sound like an ad for a mortuary.

MARY

That's from a pamphlet I was reading at the funeral home when I went with Blanche yesterday.

TOM

It was nice of you to go with her, but I guess it was pretty upsetting.

MARY

Even so, it felt good to be helping Blanche. Poor thing -- Leroy's left her all alone.

TOM

He didn't do it on purpose.

MARY

I'd hate for you to leave me like that. I want to die first. Maybe it's selfish, but I think you could handle the whole thing here better than I could.

TOM

Do we have to talk about this?

MARY

You'd get over it sooner. You'd have more things to keep you busy -- your job, all the bills, finding someone to look after Heather. I'd just sit around the house and go to fat because I didn't even have your laundry to do any more.

TOM

Maybe it is easier for the man.

MARY

You'd have to get married again.

TOM

Mary!

MARY

I mean it. If you died, you'd want me to keep on living, wouldn't you?

TOM

(NOT CONVINCED) I suppose I would.

MARY

Then you understand why you should find someone to love and help raise Heather. It's not good for a child her age not to have a mother. (BEAT) But promise me something.

TOM

Anything.

MARY

Don't let Heather forget me. And don't you either.

TOM

I could never forget you, Mary. I'm only getting married because you asked me, for the sake of our daughter.

MARY

I'm serious, Tom. I don't want you to be alone, I want you to have someone to love.

TOM

That's really nice of you, Mary.

MARY

(BEAT) How long will you wait?

TOM

For what?

MARY

Before you get married again?

TOM

Oh, I don't know. Do you think six weeks is too soon?

MARY

(SHOCKED) Six weeks! Six weeks!

TOM

You were worried about Heather not having someone to look after her, and think of all the laundry that will pile up in six weeks.

MARY

My mother will... (REALIZES HE'S TEASING)

Oh, you're just kidding.



TOM

Well, sure. (BEAT) What about you?

MARY

What about me what?

TOM

How long would you wait?

MARY

I don't know. Years probably. You see,  
I don't need anyone to take care of  
Heather. Do you believe in life after  
death, Tom?

TOM

I haven't thought about it much, but I  
don't think I believe in much of anything  
after death.

MARY

You don't? If we were to die tomorrow,  
you don't think we'd be together somewhere  
else?

TOM

Not the way we are now, no. I don't think  
we'll be reunited anywhere for eternity  
or anything. (BEAT) But there is a kind  
of eternity I believe in.

MARY

What?



TOM

Heather; whatever happens to us, we'll be together in her always. And someday in her kids and in their kids.

MARY

That's beautiful, Tom. Of course she might die before she has kids, but I'm happy you could think of that. It's the kind of comforting thought I could use if I got a job at the funeral home.

TOM

(BEAT) What job at the funeral home?

MARY

I was thinking about funeral homes... they don't really know how to talk to bereaved people. It's all business.

TOM

Well, it is a business. People make a living planting other people.

MARY

It should be more than just a living. I think there's a big field for funeral people who approach the bereaved like a friend. Right now they're too serious. This might sound silly, but they should even play games if necessary.

TOM

Play games?

MARY

Well, not game games. You know how they talk about "the game of life and death?" Well, doesn't that sound better than "deepest condolences" or "Heartfelt sympathy in your bereavement?" There's something -- well, not exactly "fun" in making a game of death.

TOM

I don't know what you're talking about.

MARY

I know. I have to think it through a little more.

TOM

But why?

MARY

Well... it's an area... a place I might just be able to contribute something.

TOM

You've got plenty to contribute right here, Mary. I'm your husband -- and I'm still alive, remember?

MARY

How could I forget?

TOM

If you want some kind of work to fall back on after I'm gone, that's a different story.

MARY

(THINKING DEEPLY... ABOUT NOW) Yes.

That's a different story...

TOM

(GETTING UP) You've got plenty to do  
right here, Mary. Plenty to fill your  
life. (GOES INTO THE BATHROOM)

SFX: PHONE RINGS

FOLLOWING IS TWO WAY CONVERSATION  
BETWEEN MARY AND MIKE OLINSKI ON  
LIMBO PHONE.

MARY

(ANSWERING PHONE) Hello?

MIKE

Mrs. Hartman? Mary Hartman?

MARY

Yes.

MIKE

This is Mike Olinski. You called me the  
other day about Mae. I did speak to you  
the other day, didn't I?

MARY

Hello, Mr. Olinski. It's nice to hear  
from you.

MIKE

I've been thinking about our conversation  
and I've been wondering, I mean, are you  
sure Mae wants to see me again?

MARY

Of course I'm sure. She's been dying to see you. Almost dying anyway.

MIKE

What's that?

MARY

Trust me, Mr. Olinski. Why would I lie to a perfect stranger?

MIKE

It's just Mae and I haven't been in touch since the divorce.

MARY

I'm sure she's still crazy about you. You should have heard some of the things she said about you.

MIKE

Did she say she wanted to see me again?

TOM STEPS TO BATHROOM DOOR AND LISTENS.

MARY

She told me how hard-working you are and what a good sense of humor you have.

MIKE

How come you're doing this?

MARY

Well, first -- I'm sure she still loves you. And second -- I've recently become more committed to the game of life.

MIKE

(A LITTLE REASSURED) Oh. Well, if you're sure...?

MARY

I'm sure. I've had a lot of success recently with getting people back together.

MIKE

Well -- okay. I'll see you at the Capri Lounge tomorrow night.

MARY

You won't regret it, Mike. Make it around seven. 'Bye.

TOM

Who was that?

MARY

Mike Olinski.

TOM

I didn't know you'd gotten a hold of him.

MARY

(VERY EXCITED) It's all set up. He's going to meet us and Mae at the Capri Lounge tomorrow night. Oh, Tom, it's so exciting. He wants to see Mae just as much as she wants to see him. They were just waiting for someone to get them together. Roberta and Sgt. Foley and now Mae and Mike. Maybe I should go into business as a matchmaker.

TOM

I don't understand what you're doing.

MARY

I just told you -- I'm helping Mae get back together with Mike. What's wrong with that?

TOM

I'm not exactly sure. It's like everything you say lately is -- well it has nothing to do with us!

MARY

Well, there are some things out there that don't involve us. (TOM REACTS) Not many, Tom. Five, maybe six??

ON TOM'S UNHAPPY FACE, WE:

FADE OUT

ACT TWOHAGGERS' LIVING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS TO ACT I

CHARLIE SITS IN A CHAIR, LOOKING EXHAUSTED AND FORLORN. LORETTA IS STRETCHED OUT ON THE COUCH. SHE STARES AT CHARLIE, WORRYING ABOUT HIM.

LORETTA

Honeylove, you're frettin' aren't you?

CHARLIE

(HE IS BUT THINKS UP EXCUSE) No, baby. I'm just sitting here wondering if these socks look okay with the pants.

LORETTA

The red one looks great, but I'm not sure if I like the argyle one.

CHARLIE

(REALIZING HE HAS TWO DIFFERENT SOCKS ON)  
Oh, I guess I just can't keep my mind on things like clothes with everything else that's been going on.

LORETTA

Well, you better keep yourself lookin' good or I'm gonna think you're beginnin' to take me for granted.



CHARLIE

You know better than that. I could never take you for granted, honey. I still wonder what you ever saw in me.

LORETTA

Aw, baby. It hurts me in my soul to see you so low down.

CHARLIE

I just can't bear to see you laid up like this, having to use that wheelchair. It's bad enough you have to be in one at all, but I couldn't even afford to get you one of those motorized ones like Ironside used.

LORETTA

It's not like I'm going to be needing it for very long. We can't waste time worrying about little things like this, lover; we've got too much to do. We gotta get the program set for my return engagement at the Capri Lounge this weekend and we gotta work on the arrangements for all that new material I'll be trying out there. My goodness, we just don't have time to be feeling sorry for ourselves. Whatever spare time we've got, we'd better be thanking the Good Lord above for all our blessings.

CHARLIE

You're right, honey.

LORETTA

I still got my voice, my health, and my talent and, best of all, sugar, I've still got you. If I could I would surely get down on my knees and thank Him for all that.

CHARLIE

That's right, darling. We've got each other and our faith. We'll make it.

LORETTA

The only thing I feel sorry about is that I can't jump right outta this here bed and get these legs of mine to run right into your arms (THIS DEPRESSES CHARLIE). Don't go feeling sorry again. You know this will pass soon. This is just a little test the Lord's thrown our way to see if we've been serious about our love for Him. And just think of all the great material that's come out of it.

CHARLIE

Yeh -- you sure have written some terrific songs about this.

LORETTA

Which is your favorite? I can't decide between "Let the Lord be your crutch" and "I'll coast right into your arms if you'll always stand downhill."

CHARLIE

You know I can't ever choose. Whichever one you're singing is my favorite. I guess there was a reason for the accident and your paralysis and the demo record being destroyed. If none of that had happened we might be in Nashville now on our way up that ladder of success, but we'd never have had these songs for you to sing to the world.

LORETTA

Right. And, honeybunch, I know you don't want me to worry, but I can't watch you fret alone. Not even about things I don't write songs about. You'll see, you'll get your job back and we'll make another record to take to Nashville. We'll be back where we was, but better people for everything that's happened.

CHARLIE

I know you're right. But things has just been so awful lowdown bad lately.

LORETTA

There may be times when it looks like we're a needle stuck in a bad luck groove of the record of life, but you'll see.

(MORE)

LORETTA (CONT'D)

God'll be along to nudge us back on track any day now. How could you know that loan company wasn't certified? You did your best, and no man can do more.

CHARLIE

I just feel terrible about signing over the house, and now they're gonna make us leave. I don't mind for myself, but an angel like you shouldn't have such troubles.

LORETTA

I'm no angel. If you'll just move yourself over here next to me I'll prove it, temporarily crippled or not.

CHARLIE GETS UP AND APPROACHES THE BED. AS HE SITS DOWN HE SQUEEZES WHAT HE THINKS ARE HER NUMB TOES.

LORETTA

Ouch. Honey, don't pinch me, please.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry, baby. I wasn't thinking. I didn't mean to hurt you, I was just wishing you'd feel something. (BEAT)

TOGETHER

You did!!!/I did!!!

CHARLIE

Sweetheart, you felt me pinch you.  
Should I do it again?

LORETTA

Yes, yes! Pinch me, ohhh. Ouch.  
Pinch me again. Oh, Charlie, you're  
wonderful, life is wonderful, my toe  
is wonderful.

CHARLIE

It sure is, darling.

LORETTA

It's a miracle, that's what it is.

CHARLIE

I knew it all along. I told those  
doctors nothing like a little spinal  
damage was going to keep my wife off her  
wonderful feet for long.

LORETTA

Try the other foot, baby. Ouch. I felt  
it!

CHARLIE

Try moving them, now. Try wiggling  
those beautiful, miraculous toes of yours.

LORETTA

Is anything happening? Are they moving?

CHARLIE

Nope. (HIS MOOD SINKING)

LORETTA

Well, I guess that takes a little more  
time. We can't rush the Lord on his  
miracles.



CHARLIE

Oh, I know that. But I just can't wait to see you up and around again. And I thought maybe it would all happen at once.

LORETTA

Don't start moping again, sugar. We ought right now to thank the Lord for this new blessing. Come on, take my hand and set down beside me. (CHARLIE KNEELS BY COUCH) Dear Lord, we want to thank you so much for this sign, this blessed miracle you've shown us. The doctors, they said I might never walk again, that I'd never feel anything in my feet. Not a kick or an ingrown nail. But, Lord, we wouldn't believe it. My Charlie didn't believe it when they told him, and he hasn't since. And niether have I, Lord. We knew you was just testing us and our faith, and giving me a little time to work up a couple of new songs. We knew it wasn't forever. And now, praise be, you've given us a sign ...

SFX: DOORBELL RINGS

... we were right. You chose a moment of contact between me and my beloved Charlie to make a miracle and we felt it and we'll be patient for the rest.

(MORE)

SFX: DOORBELL AGAIN

LORETTA (CONT'D)

Just keep your eye on us, Lord, and  
watch us hang in there. Amen.

CHARLIE

Amen. And Lord, let me thank you again  
for the inspiration of this little woman  
here who, if we weren't such good  
Baptists, would be right up there with  
some of your Catholic saints.

LORETTA

That was real sweet of you, honey, to  
mention me to God like that. Now you  
go get the door.

CHARLIE

Okay. You take care while I'm gone and  
wait right here for me 'til I get back.

CHARLIE EXITS.

LORETTA

(IN PRAYER) Dear Lord, I just wanted  
to add a thought or two while you and I  
was alone. Charlie's been real down in  
the dumps since this trouble started.  
He's tried not to let on, but I think  
it's tougher for him than it has been  
for me.

(MORE)



## LORETTA (CONT'D)

He has to face other people all the time and try to keep our lives going, while I get to just lie here and chat with you or work on my songs, which is pretty much the same thing really. In fact when I register with ASCAP, I'm gonna put You donw as my partner, Lord. Anyway, I'm asking You if You might be able to help Charlie and make it a little easier for him 'til I'm back on my feet and up to dancing on that ol' highway of life. There's Charlie, now, so I guess that's it. Thanks, Lord, and amen.

CHARLIE ENTERS.

## LORETTA (CONT'D)

Welcome back, lover. Sure did miss ya.

## CHARLIE

That was the real-estate man to show the house to a client.

## LORETTA

Well, we don't care. Before you know it we'll be negotiating to buy Dolly Parton's mansion in Nashville.

## CHARLIE

I didn't know she had one.

## LORETTA

Oh, Charlie, 'course she does. Why else be a C & W superstar?

## CHARLIE

You're right. We'll be laughing about this from the top of the world. Anyway, I don't think the lady was interested. She took one look at the living room and didn't want to see no more of the place.

FADE OUT

ACT THREEMARY'S BEDROOM - IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING ACT I

MARY IS SITTING ON BED LOOKING VERY WORRIED. TOM IS STANDING AT DOOR FROM BATHROOM WIPING OFF SHAVING CREAM. HE GETS DRESSED THROUGH THE SCENE.

TOM

Mary, I don't understand what's gotten into you. I really don't.

MARY

Just because I want to get Mae and her ex-husband back together? You didn't think it was such a terrible idea a couple of days ago.

TOM

It's not Mae. She's just a part of everything else -- Roberta and Foley and getting jobs in funeral parlors...

MARY

I was just thinking about getting a job -- I didn't get a job.

TOM

Why do you even have to think about it? It's like this matchmaking business.

MARY

I'm just trying to make people happy,  
Tom. Why does that bother you?

TOM

Because you shouldn't be spending all  
your time on other people. Don't you  
have enough to think about in your own  
life?

MARY

Oh, I think about my own life a lot, Tom.  
I spend a lot of time thinking about my  
own life.

TOM

Would you really like a job in a funeral  
home?

MARY

It's not that I'm dying to work at a  
mortuary; it just seemed like a nice  
place to meet people and help them through  
difficult times in their lives.

TOM

That's what I'm talking about, Mary.  
Would you sacrifice your own family to  
help other people?

MARY

Of course not. It's just that I get  
restless, Tom.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

The other day I was so restless I forgot to put the wash into the dryer. My mind seems to wander off sometimes.

TOM

That's what I don't understand, Mary. Things used to be so different. I can remember when you'd get excited about cleaning the oven or defrosting the freezer. You used to tell me when I got home from work what a wonderful day you'd had full of all the things you'd always dreamed of doing. Keeping house, taking care of Heather, waiting for me.

MARY

But now the house keeps itself -- the oven is self-cleaning and the freezer is frost-free. And Heather doesn't need me so much any more.

TOM

Of course she does.

MARY

But in a different way. She needs me to guide her through growing up, but she doesn't need me all day long, every day. She can put on her own Band-Aids now.

TOM

What about me?

MARY

You can put on your own Band-Aids too. Unless it's your right hand, but you don't cut your right hand very often and when you do it's at work and the plant nurse helps you. (WISTFULLY) No one needs me to help put on Band-Aids, any more.

TOM

You mean a lot more to us than fixing up cuts. Heather needs you and so do I. I just can't understand this mood of yours.

MARY

Neither can I. I've thought about vacuuming more often or cleaning the toilets twice a week, but I'm not sure things like that will help.

TOM

(CONSIDERING) Maybe you should talk to your mother? She always seems happy.

MARY

I don't think she has the answer, Tom.

TOM

Maybe it's time we thought about having another child. A boy. I've always wanted a...

MARY

(INTERRUPTING) No. I don't think so.



TOM

(SHOCKED) How can you say you don't want a son? A brother for Heather? Have you given up on this family altogether?

MARY

I don't mean that I don't love you; I don't mean that I don't want Heather to have a brother, I just mean that I don't think having a baby's the answer, either.

TOM

I'm not saying it's an answer, but it would give you something more to do. I mean you can't make a habit of meddling in other people's lives like Mae and her ex-husband just because the oven doesn't need cleaning.

MARY

How could I make a habit of reconciling divorced people? The Olinskis are the only divorced people I know.

TOM

I know, but what about Foley and Roberta?

MARY

You don't mind about all these people being happy and in love, do you?

TOM

Of course not. I'm just worried about you. I wish I knew how to make you feel better.



MARY

Can't we talk about it some more? I've really enjoyed our talking this morning. First we found out how we feel about death and then we tried to understand why I'm so discontented. It's really cheered me up.

TOM

(TOTALLY DEPRESSED) I'm glad. But I've got to hurry or I'll be late.

TOM EXITS TO BATHROOM.

MARY

I really do feel better, I think.

FADE OUT

ACT IVSHUMWAY KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

GEORGE ENTERS RETURNING FROM MILWAUKEE. HE PUTS DOWN HIS SUITCASE, LOOKS AROUND AND SEES SIGNS OF LIFE. THE OVEN IS ON AND DINNER IS BEING PREPARED. BUT THERE IS NO MARTHA.

GEORGE

Martha? Hello. (LOUDER) Martha? Cathy?

Is anyone home?

THERE ISN'T ANY ANSWER SO GEORGE GETS HIMSELF A BEER AND SITS DOWN. HE'S VERY WORRIED ABOUT INCIDENT IN HOTEL ROOM.

MARTHA ENTERS FROM LIVING ROOM.

MARTHA

Oh, George! You're home sooner than I thought. How are you? How was your trip?

GEORGE

(NOT SURE WHETHER HE'S SAFE OR NOT) You don't know?

MARTHA

Well, how would I know? You just walked in.

GEORGE

You haven't... heard anything?

MARTHA

I don't think so. All we've been talking about here is the funeral.

GEORGE

(PANIC STRICKEN) What funeral? Whose funeral?

MARTHA

Leroy's. I called you about it. What's the matter with you, George? You're so jumpy.

GEORGE

I don't like funerals.

MARTHA

Well, of course you don't. Nobody likes funerals. But I'm glad you're home in time to go to Leroy's.

GEORGE

As long as it's not my own.

MARTHA

What are you talking about, George?

SWEENEY (O.S.)

Mrs. Shumway?

MARTHA

(CALLING) In here, Joe. I forgot, a friend of yours stopped by; he was just washing his hands.

GEORGE

(PANIC) Joe??

MARTHA

Joe Sweeney.

SWEENEY ENTERS ON THE LAST LINE SO  
GEORGE SEES AND HEARS IT AT THE  
SAME TIME. HE IS NOW CONVINCED  
MARTHA KNOWS ALL.

GEORGE

Oh, no.

SWEENEY

Hiya, George, old buddy. Welcome home.

How was your trip?

GEORGE

(PUSHING SWEENEY OUT THE DOOR) Nice of  
you to stop by, Sweeney. Sorry you have  
to leave now.

SWEENEY

Me, too. But I'll be seeing you, George.  
And the missus, too.

GEORGE

(CLOSING DOOR BEHIND SWEENEY AND FEELING  
TOTALLY LOST) What was he telling you?

MARTHA

He's very nice. I always like meeting  
your friends. I was trying to tell him  
how upset I'd been about your working  
for the union, and having to leave me  
alone and he was real understanding.

(MORE)

MARTHA (CONT'D)

He said maybe I was right and you weren't up to it with your bad heart and all.

GEORGE

Then what did he say?

MARTHA

Then he showed me some pictures.

GEORGE

(HYSTERICAL) I knew it. I just knew it. Look, I can explain everything. It was a set-up.

MARTHA

They looked like Polaroid candids to me.

GEORGE

They were trying to blackmail me. Those pictures don't mean anything. Nothing!

MARTHA

George, why are you carrying on like a lunatic about Joe Sweeney's family snapshots?

GEORGE STARES

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Maybe he was right. Maybe the union work is too much of a strain on you. You're raving about set-ups and blackmail. It would have been better if you'd stayed at home.

(MORE)

MARTHA (CONT'D)

(TENDERLY) I really did miss you very much, dear. I hate it when we're separated even for a single night. George, are you listening?

GEORGE

Family snapshots?!? It was a warning.

MARTHA

A warning? About what?? See, the work is a strain on you. Goodness, George, all this talk about blackmail and warnings -- who do you think you are, Edward J.

Robinson?

ON GEORGE'S CONFUSED FACE.

FADE OUT.

END EPISODE #42